

Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, December 27, 1891, with transcript

JOURNAL Beinn Bhreagh, C. B. Dec. 27th, 1891. 1891. Dec. 27th, Sunday — at Beinn Bhreagh.

A quiet day — aggravatingly quiet — wondered what Mr. Ellis would do. Did not like to ask him to go on with flying machine apparatus as it was Sunday. Decided that if he had no religious scruples — he would go ahead and finish apparatus without my asking him — as he knows how anxious I am to try it — and if he had religious scruples — why — it would not be right for me to ask him.

First thing on waking asked where Mr. Ellis was. Thought he went down to laboratory. Flew into my clothes and went down there with Mr. McCurdy. Laboratory locked. Opened door and searched — no Mr. Ellis.

He had gone for a walk! Evidently did not intend to work on Sunday. Contented myself with walk to top of mountain.

Still progress — another merinoe — and one native — new — and another native — old.

Spent evening quietly reading up on the subject of “Flying Machines” — and “Aeronautics.”

Don't expect the thing to go up — but will weigh it while rotating — and note apparent loss of weight. Think larger wings will be necessary for flight — and some modification of nozzles. However can't tell — till we try. Mr. Ellis expects to be able to try it tomorrow afternoon.

Till then — must have patience. Dreamed last night that I was trying an apparatus of the kind — and had hold of a rope so as to prevent it flying away — when to my surprise I felt

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myself lifted off my feet into the air. 2 Mr. Ellis and Mr. McCurdy shouted to let go — but I was afraid of the fall. Noticed that wind was blowing toward the mountain side — and so determined to hold on. Thing rose higher and higher — till height became so great that I felt — to let go — would be fatal. Drifted slowly towards the mountain side with Becky, Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Ellis in hot pursuit. At last when my strength had nearly gone — my feet touched ground — and I awoke!

Hope you admire my drawing above?

Your loving husband, Alec. Mrs. A. G. Bell, % Marquay Hooker and Co., Florence, Italy.